

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OHIO, OCTOBER 25, 1856.

REPUBLICAN MEETING AT SALEM.

On Wednesday the 22nd inst., the Republicans had a grand rally at this place. The meeting was large, and among the numbers were very many earnest listeners to the words spoken. There was a grand display in procession with banners, streamers, mottoes, badges and various devices. Many of the sentiments on the flags were expressive of the earnest anti-slavery of the individuals who bore them, though seriously in conflict with the compromising position of the party. Of course this was just the thing for the latitude of Salem where the Democrats claim to be the pink of abolitionism and prove it by the vote of Democratic Congressmen against Duff's bill. Some of the sentiments would adorn a disunion Abolition procession if such things were fashionable, as they are not. For example:

"Justice—Down with Slavery."
"Truth is mighty and shall prevail."
"Remember '76."

"Reclaim the Lost and Relieve the Needy."
The speaking was done at two stands, mainly by Judge Tilden of Cleveland and Senator Wade of Jefferson. Of Mr. Tilden's speech, we heard but a small portion, but were told it was an earnest anti-slavery speech; and we can well believe it, for we know that he has a heart which beats impulsively for freedom, though its action is often stifled or suppressed by his false position under a pro-slavery government. To Senator Wade's speech we listened in common with hundreds of others with absorbed interest. Said one to us, "It is no Republican speech!" Nor was it, for the speaker for the time gave full sway to his manly abhorrence of Slavery, and spoke as his heart felt, freely and strongly for freedom.

"It was a speech of your sort" said another, an old Free Soiler who piously abhors all compromise. "It made me think you are right in your course, and that the best way to correct the evil after all, is to preach anti-slavery." Mr. Wade labored to convince the people of the actual present subjected position of the North to the handful of infamous slave owners of the South. He indignantly characterized that submission with appropriate epithets and gave his audience to understand unmistakably that the epithets rightly belonged to them. He stated as one cause of this success of the slaveholders in subduing the North that they were the monopolists of the land and labor of the South and that through this power and their political advantages under the Constitution they held the Government, especially as they were united, to a man. He vividly depicted the character of these monopolists of land and of human souls and sinews, and then impressively asked his hearers, "did you know, you were united in the Government with such men?" And he ventured to ask the worth of such a Union for the protection of *human freedom*. Strangely enough there followed this suggestive inquiry, an exhortation to vote for John C. Fremont under this infamous compact—and thus to perpetuate it. Thus the preaching was excellent, but the conclusion utterly at war with the argument and with the philosophy of the speech. We are truly thankful for such preaching from the presidential stump. It will suggest the true practice to many a hearer and is gloriously in contrast with the slavery perpetuating letters of Mr. Blair and the doughy, wall-street speeches of Mr. Blair.

SPEAKING PRUDENTLY.

The Northern Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently held its annual sessions at Mansfield. Unlike the conference which assembled here a short time since it found a voice to whisper on the question of slavery. It adopted the following resolutions, which considering the facts set forth in the resolutions themselves, viz: that freedom of speech and freedom of conscience are suppressed by slavery—that it is wicked, tyrannical, and revolutionary in tendency—that it has persecuted even unto death ministers and members of the Methodist church—considering these facts the resolutions are an example of "prudent" and moderate opposition. They are as follows:

"Resolved, That we unite, prudently yet firmly, to oppose the extension of slavery, and to labor for its extinction."

"Resolved, That in the profound silence imposed in slaveholding States on the freedom of speech on this subject, and their opposition to Churches based on the principles of freedom of conscience, we are increasingly convinced of the great wickedness, tyranny, and revolutionary tendency of Slavery."

"Resolved, That as a Conference, we deeply sympathize with the people of our country in general, and with our ministers and members in particular, who are called to suffer persecutions, and some of them even death, for their love of civil and religious freedom, and will not cease to pray that they may be supported under their deep afflictions, and that they may be speedily and happily terminated."

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A VOLUNTEER EDITORIAL.

A zealous Republican friend sends us the following with the request that we insert it as *editorial*. Much obliged to you, dear sir, but pray excuse us. We prefer writing our own. We do not advise anybody to vote for Fremont under this pro-slavery compact, and thus become voluntarily complicated with slaveholding. Our objection to the slaveholding of the Fremont party is as decided as to the slavery extension of the Democratic party. But as our friend is very desirous of appearing in "editorial" we print his production, promising that we neither "write nor endorse it," though it speaks truly of the Democratic party.

PRESENT CONTEST.

Differing with our Republican friends respecting the best mode of finally eradicating slavery in this country, we, believing that the way to the ballot-box is over the crushed hopes of the slave, cannot, therefore help them in the present crisis. Far be it from us however to deter one voter, who can use the elective franchise, from going to the polls and voting against the so-called Democratic party, which stands in the contest, the defender and advocate of the slave-propagandists of the South. The party, which in the language of "Brannan" is the natural ally of Slavery. The party which removed the restriction upon slavery-extension. The party which sustains the cowardly and murderous assault upon the Hon. Charles Sumner. The party which upholds the murderer Herbert. The party which sustains Pierce and his accomplices in the commission of murder, rapine and piracy in Kansas. The party whose most influential supporters assert that the honest laborers of the Free States should themselves be enslaved.

We would therefore urge every man who can conscientiously vote to go to the ballot-box and vote for Freedom and Fremont and thereby set the seal of their condemnation upon the vile party, who in the name of Democracy are committing these gross outrages upon human rights.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Intelligence was received here Saturday evening by Messenger, via Nebraska City, that 250 Kansas emigrants, including women and children, were taken prisoners by U. S. Deputy Marshal Preston and 700 U. S. troops, near Plymouth, Kansas, on the 10th inst. Previous to leaving Nebraska City Mr. Eldridge, the conductor of the party, procured permission from Gov. Geary to enter the territory with ordinary arms of emigrants, having assured the Governor that their intention was peaceful. On arriving at Plymouth they found 700 troops, and six pieces of artillery drawn up to oppose their progress. The troops acted as posse to the Deputy Marshal ordered them to halt, and informed them that their whole party were prisoners. Search was immediately instituted. All horses, trunks and other baggage were opened, resulting in the discovery of one keg of powder, one keg of cartridges, belonging to the right guard, ten Sharpe's rifles, one box containing two dozen revolvers, being on flight to Council City, and a number of common rifles belonging to private individuals. The troops then placed the party in wagons, wagons, baggage and forwarding articles, together with a large quantity of provisions. The whole party were then ordered under guard and orders were given to shoot any who should attempt to escape. The prisoners sent back a statement of the facts with 134 signatures. The emigrants are mostly from New York, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio.

General Richardson, who commanded the last invading army and which was disbanded by Governor Geary, has published a long letter justifying himself to the ruffians for going home without a battle. In the following paragraph he expressed his entire confidence that Governor Geary will do for them all more than could be achieved by force of arms. And so doubtless he will.

He says:

"The arrival of Gov. Geary, with full power and ample instructions from the Government to do all that we had thought it needful to do, not only secured the necessity of our action, but the prompt measures taken by him to suppress the wrong complained of, and to bring the wrong-doers to justice, took from us the justification we before had for taking redress into our own hands. To have persisted in this changed state of the case, in our first intention, would have placed us in the very attitude of those we condemned, and made us as liable as Lane and his party to the penalties of violating law and defying the civil authority—law then for the first time in Kansas asserting its supremacy in the person of an executive who, it is apparent, has the will and determination to maintain its majesty."

PROFESSOR HEDRICK.—The Faculty of the University of North Carolina, have passed a resolution of censure upon Professor Hedrick, for the publication of the letter containing his views, which we publish on our outside to-day.

FREE SPEECH.—Professor Hedrick of the University of North Carolina, having been interrogated through the press as to his political preferences, replied that he was opposed to the extension of slavery and in favor of Fremont. Thereupon the Faculty of the University met and passed resolutions of censure upon him, and the probability is, from the Faculty's own statement, that he will be expelled from the State. He is a native of North Carolina; but that makes no difference; he does not worship the idol, Slavery, and he must be expelled. All this happens in a country calling itself free; and a party calling itself democratic is striving to force this system of terror over all our national territories.—*Pitts. Gazette.*

Very true; and as a party stiling itself the party of freedom is "indiscreetly opposed to interfering with this system" of terror in all our States, and proposes a fraternal union with it for the sake of securing the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. How preposterous!

THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION and its PRO-SLAVERY COMPROMISES.—Copies of this work will be sent by mail on the receipt of its price and the amount of postage, viz. forty-four cents for those in paper covers, sixty cents for those in cloth—the price, without postage, being 37¢ for the former, 50¢ for the latter. Address the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, Boston, or 133 Nassau street, New York.

A SENSIBLE REPLY TO A DUKELIST.—John M. Botts, who is just now so successfully defying the Virginia disunionists recently received a challenge from Mr. R. A. Prior, to which he replied in the following admirable manner:

"Your life could not be the value of a pin's point to me, and I am sure I could derive no comfort from making your wife a widow or your children fatherless—therefore I have no desire to take it; while my own life is not only of value to me, but indispensable to the support and happiness of my family, and I hope to make it useful to my country—therefore, I am not disposed to place it at your disposal."

TEACHERS INSTITUTE.—By the notice in another column it will be seen that this annual meeting of the teachers of Columbiana Co., will be held in Salem, commencing on the 10th of November. The distinguished lecturers and teachers who will be in attendance will doubtless render this session of the Institute one of much interest and usefulness.

REV. T. W. HIGGINSON, of Worcester, having gone out to Kansas, has laid aside his clerical life, and is now hailed by the military as a General, he having been appointed aid to General Lane, commander of the Free State forces of that Territory.

ME! FORTZ has been re-elected to the United States Senate from Vermont.

General W. H. Burleigh, by an official order, has been appointed to the office of Chief of the 17th of Central Army Corps, and has taken the oath of office.

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In the government of the country the Union would have been dissolved long ago, and that the Government would have been "hated." If there is a Democrat here, let him think of this declaration. Are you ready to vote for a man for Vice President of the United States who has uttered such a sentiment? (Cries of "No, no.") No, gentlemen; let the indignation, the stern condemnation of the American people rest upon the public man who declares that if the Declaration of Independence, that pronounced all men equal before the law, had been acted upon in the Government of the Republic, the Union would have been dissolved long ago, because it would be "hateful" to the people. (It is a libel upon the American people. (Voices "That's so.") Well, gentlemen, these men who have so committed themselves; this party that has committed itself to the extension of Slavery, this party, the party of disunion, that repudiates the Declaration of Independence, of course rejects and scorns the free society that exists in the Free States of this Union. The *Richmond Enquirer*, the leading Democratic organ south of the Potomac, and in fact the leading Democratic organ in the Union, says that "free society is a failure, and that it ought not to be extended." Another Southern paper, high in the confidence of the Administration party, tells us that it is a crime to extend into Kansas this free society. This *Richmond Enquirer* tells us that "the principle of Slavery is right, and does not depend on difference of complexion." Let the laboring man, the farmer and the mechanic who dwell here in the glorious County of Dutcheson, on the banks of the Hudson, take this doctrine home with them, read it to their families and their children that the leading Democratic organ in the United States declares that the "principle of Slavery is right; and does not depend on difference of complexion." A book written by George Burleigh, entitled "The Free Society a Failure." This book has been fully and indubitably in this same *Richmond Enquirer*. I call your attention to a few sentences from this work that has received the endorsement of the leading Democratic organ of the United States: "Make the laboring man, the farmer and the mechanic, the slaves of the State, and he would be better off than he is now. Laboring men of Old Dutchess, what say you to that doctrine? Do you believe you would be better off if you were made the slaves of capital instead of receiving the wages of honest toil? If you do vote for Buchanan, two hundred years of Liberty have made white laborers pauper bandits, laboring men; what say you to that sentiment? Have two hundred years of liberty in the Western World made the laboring man, the mechanic, the small farmer of these Free States of ours a pauper bandit? If you believe so, vote for James Buchanan and the party that utters and endorses such a doctrine. Slavery is a monstrous abortion, and Slavery the healthy, beautiful and natural being which they are trying unconsciously to adopt." Free society a monstrous abortion! Why, gentlemen cast your eyes over the great State of New York. Look at the free farms upon which freemen stand, tilling their own acres, calling no man master, and doing no man a slave. Look at your mechanics' shops, scattered over your State, which hundreds of articles of beauty and utility are manufactured for the benefit of society. Look at your Free Schools and abundant libraries, where the hundreds of thousands of children are enjoying the benefits of a free education. (Great applause.) Yes, it is the same at that makes you the Empire State of the Union, and then if you are ready to pronounce free society a failure vote for James Buchanan and the Democratic party (Cries of "Never, never.") If you are not ready to do this, then vote for Fremont. (Great applause.) He calls us the free labor is the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions. That is the sentiment of freedom. If you love it, vote for the party that proclaims it, and not for the party that repudiates the doctrine that "free society is a monstrous abortion." "The slaves are governed far better than the free laborers at the North are governed" (A voice—"No doubt!") Yes, gentlemen, there is no doubt about it. The slaves are governed—and one of the *Richmond Enquirer* tells us that the people must be governed. We will teach these Southern Slave Propagandists, and those in the North, if such there are, who sympathize in their sentiments, a lesson which will last them in all for time, that the intelligent freemen of this country are competent to govern themselves (Great applause.) "Our negroes are not only better off, as to physical comfort, than the free laborers, but their moral condition is better." (Great laughter.) Not permitted to read and write, and yet we are to be taught by a man who has been thirty days in prison for teaching a little colored child to read the Lord's Prayer. And yet we are told by this good Democratic authority that the morals of the slaves are better than the morals of the free laboring men who were taught in your Common Schools, who worship God in their churches, who read the lectures at your lyceums, that till your whole land, who read the productions of the authors of both the Old and New Worlds, and who study carefully the writings of the mighty minds of the past and present, that have contributed so much to the culture of the human intellect (Applause.) "Nature has made the weak in mind and body slaves." What think you of that doctrine? Is that Democracy? My idea, gentlemen, of Democracy is this: If a man be weak in body and mind, just and equal laws should extend their protection over him. Laws are made to protect the weak and not the powerful. My Democracy teaches me that the dumbest man that breathes God's air and walks upon this earth, is a man and a brother whom God made and for whom Christ died, (Great applause.) Let us rebuke sentiments such as those contained in the extracts I have read; let us scorn the men who utter them; let us rebuke the party that calls the weak in mind and body are to be protected by just, equal and human laws. (Applause and cries of "We will do it!") "Men are not entitled to equal rights." That is Democratic doctrine. (A voice—"No, Sir!") Buchanan Democracy, I mean. Thomas Jefferson said in his private letters that the masses were not born with saddles on their backs, and a few booted and spurred to ride them by the grace of God. That was Democracy thirty years ago. "It would be far nearer the truth to say that some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them—and the riding does them good." They need the reins, the bit and the spur. If there is a Democrat here to-day, a Buchanan Democrat, I wish to ask him, Do you go with Jefferson, who says that the masses are not born with saddles on their backs, a few booted and spurred to ride them? If you think the riding does you good, vote for Mr. Buchanan. Yes, gentlemen, they need the reins, the bit and spur. If there is a free man here to-day who needs the reins, bit and spur, let him vote for the party that sustains that doctrine—let him vote for James Buchanan.

The Declaration of Independence is exuberantly false and fallacious.

Some of you, gentlemen, will remember the description given of Virginia by Gov. Wise. He told us that commerce had spread its sails and sailed away from Virginia; that she had no manufactures—not enough to clothe her slaves—and that they only had agriculture—and such agriculture as they had was sold to the slave, and instead of feeding cattle upon a thousand hills, they had to chase a stunted stalk through the sedge-patches to get a tough beef steak (Laughter.)

Holmes, in his history of Virginia, says that in 1850 there were 65,000 persons in Virginia that could not read or write. The *Richmond Enquirer* says they could have wealth and manufactures if they would only take what follows in their train. I read an extract here to show the estimation in which persons engaged in manufactures, commerce and the mechanic arts are held in the Old Dominion:

"We would not have your rich, vulgar, ignominious masses, and your brutal, ignorant and insect-like factory hands in our midst, for all the wealth of 'Ormus and Ind.'"

"We would not exchange our situation for the countless millions of paupers and criminals who lift up and sustain the cowardly, selfish, sensual, ignominious, infidel, agrarian and revolutionary edifice of free society."

The Slavery-Extensionists would have none of these influences. They raise their 20,000 and

20,000 women and children to sell annually, which brings them \$12,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and they are content. I will, in this connection, read another extract from an Alabama paper having relation to the subject of Free Society:

"Free Society! We sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers?" &c.

"Greasy mechanics, filthy operatives and small-fisted farmers" of New York, what do you think of this free society, of which you make so considerable a part? But this paper says, "all the North and especially the New England States are devoid of society fitted for a well-bred gentleman, and that the prevailing class which one meets is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel. A 'greasy mechanic' struggle in the American Republic to be a gentleman! What an offense!"

The poor white man at the South by the way, who do their own drudgery—that is a great offense—and who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body servant." Farmers, what think you of this doctrine, that you are hardly fit for an association with a Southern gentleman's negro slave? If you like the doctrine, vote for James Buchanan. You will remember that an Irish waiter was murdered in Washington by Mr. Herbert, a member of Congress from California. A resolution of inquiry was moved in the House of Representatives, and every member of the Democratic party, with two exceptions, and all the South Americans, with one exception, I think, voted against making any inquiry into the matter. Why they thought it was only one of the privileged class killing a menial. Did you ever hear of one of the slaveholding class imprisoned or executed for killing a menial? Did you ever hear of one of the slaveholding class imprisoned or executed for taking the life of a menial? Cries—"No."

The poor white man at the South by the way, the slave propagandists to be far below their own body servants. The *Charleston Standard* says in regard to this murder:

"If white men accept the offices of menials, it should be expected that they will do so with an appreciation of their relation to society and the dispositions quietly to encounter both the responsibilities and the liabilities which the relation imposes."

That is, if white men will perform honest labor, which the owners of slaves look upon as menial, they must submit to be insulted by word and act. We will teach these men, however, that we live in a section of country where the poor laboring man engaged in an honest calling cannot be insulted by word or blow with impunity. (Applause.) They shall not extend into the Territories a system that dishonors the free labor of the country.

From the New York Tribune.

SLAVERY IN OREGON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19, 1856.

A friend of mine, for many years a resident on this coast, is now travelling in Oregon. He has written me a letter which I have just received, containing information so important and even startling in its character, that I am constrained to copy parts of it for you. He writes, after having traveled extensively in the Territory, and having attended a large meeting of Christians of the leading denominations, in which there were representatives from all parts of the country. From information which was presented at that meeting, and from that which he gained by his own observation, he writes as follows:

"Dark clouds hang over Oregon. The danger is from far, beyond the desert, even from Missouri, and the hands of Slavery are outstretched to seize it. Yes, it is the same at that makes you the Empire State of the Union, and then if you are ready to pronounce free society a failure vote for James Buchanan and the Democratic party (Cries of "Never, never.") If you are not ready to do this, then vote for Fremont. (Great applause.) He calls us the free labor is the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions. That is the sentiment of freedom. If you love it, vote for the party that proclaims it, and not for the party that repudiates the doctrine that "free society is a monstrous abortion." "The slaves are governed far better than the free laborers at the North are governed" (A voice—"No doubt!") Yes, gentlemen, there is no doubt about it. The slaves are governed—and one of the *Richmond Enquirer* tells us that the people must be governed. We will teach these Southern Slave Propagandists, and those in the North, if such there are, who sympathize in their sentiments, a lesson which will last them in all for time, that the intelligent freemen of this country are competent to govern themselves (Great applause.) "Our negroes are not only better off, as to physical comfort, than the free laborers, but their moral condition is better." (Great laughter.) Not permitted to read and write, and yet we are to be taught by a man who has been thirty days in prison for teaching a little colored child to read the Lord's Prayer. And yet we are told by this good Democratic authority that the morals of the slaves are better than the morals of the free laboring men who were taught in your Common Schools, who worship God in their churches, who read the lectures at your lyceums, that till your whole land, who read the productions of the authors of both the Old and New Worlds, and who study carefully the writings of the mighty minds of the past and present, that have contributed so much to the culture of the human intellect (Applause.) "Nature has made the weak in mind and body slaves." What think you of that doctrine? Is that Democracy? My idea, gentlemen, of Democracy is this: If a man be weak in body and mind, just and equal laws should extend their protection over him. Laws are made to protect the weak and not the powerful. My Democracy teaches me that the dumbest man that breathes God's air and walks upon this earth, is a man and a brother whom God made and for whom Christ died, (Great applause.) Let us rebuke sentiments such as those contained in the extracts I have read; let us scorn the men who utter them; let us rebuke the party that calls the weak in mind and body are to be protected by just, equal and human laws. (Applause and cries of "We will do it!") "Men are not entitled to equal rights." That is Democratic doctrine. (A voice—"No, Sir!") Buchanan Democracy, I mean. Thomas Jefferson said in his private letters that the masses were not born with saddles on their backs, and a few booted and spurred to ride them by the grace of God. That was Democracy thirty years ago. "It would be far nearer the truth to say that some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them—and the riding does them good." They need the reins, the bit and the spur. If there is a Democrat here to-day, a Buchanan Democrat, I wish to ask him, Do you go with Jefferson, who says that the masses are not born with saddles on their backs, a few booted and spurred to ride them? If you think the riding does you good, vote for Mr. Buchanan. Yes, gentlemen, they need the reins, the bit and spur. If there is a free man here to-day who needs the reins, bit and spur, let him vote for the party that sustains that doctrine—let him vote for James Buchanan.

"The 'ruffians' are not here, nor United States troops to force their votes upon the people. But emigrants enough are here from the ruffian States, and Aitchisons and Stringfellow are here to lead them on to slavery. And these plotters against the liberty of the Territory only await their time! They feel certain of victory. They say nothing openly, i. e., the papers do not as yet openly advocate it, but they are ready to do so on a moment's notice. This may seem to be a needless alarm, but the danger is real and imminent, and I am forced to believe it, against all my inclinations. I contested, step by step, the convictions of its truth, as they were forced upon me. I groan in spirit under them, as the prospect before me darkens in these beautiful valleys and on the mountains."

"The rescue of Kansas and the repeal of the Nebraska bill, under an Administration that respects both national faith and the rights of freemen, can alone save them from the blighting curse of this great sin. This unwelcome impression was made upon me during the meetings of the Association. Among many other resolutions, the important subjects, were some on the subject of Slavery. These drew forth the best and most lengthy discussion during the session. During this debate, participated in by members, delegates and corresponding members from different parts of the Territory, and our friends from the States, Washington, Oregon, and California, were facts, such as various members had gathered in their intercourse with the people, both in public and in private—facts of the nature of private conversation, public addresses, and even (so-called) religious harangues. I cannot repeat them, but the minds of men who have all along looked upon the bright side of the Territory, and have habitually labored under the suggestion of possible danger to its liberties, they were of such a nature as to prove beyond a doubt that the majority of the people were in favor of Slavery, and that if an election were to be held, with the issue as the issue, the system with all its evils would be at once entailed upon the State. The facts went further, and proved that the Democratic party, which has always been the dominant party, was prepared to put *black ink* into its platform, and so make it a plain issue before the people. Before the meeting, the Democratic party should have secured the passage of the Oregon State bill through Congress. Moreover, they should have grave suspicion over that well known Pro-Slavery Delegate and over the party he represents, that he uses the Pro-Slavery prospects of this Territory, among the Southern Members of Congress, as the strongest reason for the immediate passage of the bill."

"To all the friends of civil and religious

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

[illegible]

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

56-6m.
V. MANLY.
PROTOTYPE AND
RIAN ARTIST
Y'S BLOCK.
Main Street, Salem, Ohio.
55.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

A POOR-HOUSE AMONG THE CHILDRY.

From "Justice in the Free Way," by F. C. Adams. Published by Literature & Science, New York.

A low, squat building, with a red, moss-covered roof, two lean chimneys peeping out, the windows blocked with dirt, and situated in one of the by-lanes of the city, is our poor-house, standing half hid behind a crumbled old wall, and looking very like a much-neglected Quaker church in vegetation. We boast much of our institutions, and this being a sample of them, we hold it in great reverence. You may say that nothing so forbidding illustrates a state of society as the character of its institutions for the care of those unfortunate beings whom a capricious nature has deprived of their reason. We agree with you. We see our poor-house crumbling to the ground with decay, yet imagine it, or affect to imagine it, a very grand edifice, in every way suited to the wants of such rough ends of humanity as are found in it. Like Satan, we are unquestionable believers in ourselves and singularly clever in finding apologies for all great crimes.

At the door of the Poor-house stands a dilapidated hearse, to which an old gray horse is attached. A number of buzzards, have gathered about him, and turn their heads suspiciously now and then, and seem meditating a descent upon his bones at no very distant day. Madam casts a glance at the hearse, and the poor old horse, and the cawing buzzards, then follows Tom, timidly, to the door. He has rung the bell, and soon there stands before them, in the damp door-way, a fussy old man, with a very broad, red face, and a very blunt nose, and a very curly, gray hair, which he fortifies with a pair of massive framed spectacles, that have a passion for getting upon the tip of his broad blunt nose.

"There, you want to see somebody! Always somebody wanted to be seen, when we have dead folks to get rid of," mutters the old man, querulously, then looking inquiringly at the visitors.—Tom says they would like to go over the premises. "Yes—know you would. Ain't so dull but I can see what folks want when they look in here." The old man, his countenance wearing an expression of stupidity, runs his dingy fingers over the crown of his bald head, and seems questioning within himself whether to admit them. "I'm not in a very good humor, to-day," he rather growls than speaks, "but you can come in—I'm of a good family—and I'll call Glentworth in."

"Can't get about much. We'll all get old." The building seems in a very bad temper generally. Mr. Glentworth is called. Mr. Glentworth, with a profane expletive, pops his head out at the top of the stairs, and inquires who wants him. The visitors have advanced into a little, narrow passage, lumbered with all sorts of rubbish, and swarming with flies. Mr. Saddleback (for this is the old man's name seems in a declining mood, the building seems in a declining mood—every thing you look at seems in a declining mood. "As if I hadn't enough to do, getting off this dead creature!" interposes Mr. Glentworth, withdrawing his wicked face, and taking himself back into a room on the left.

"He's not so bad a man, only it doesn't come out at first," pursues Mr. Saddleback, continuing to rob his head and shoulders with his teeth. His mind, Madam Montford verily believes stuck in a fog. "We must wait a bit," says the old man, his face seeming to elongate. "You can look about—there's not much to be seen, and what there is—well, it's not the finest." Mr. Saddleback shuffles his feet, and then shuffles himself into a small, side room. Through the building, there breathes a warm, sickly atmosphere; the effect has left its marks upon the sad waiving countenances of its unfortunate inmates.

Tom and Madam Montford set out to explore the establishment. They enter a room, and find there small dark and filthy, beyond description. Some are crowded with half-naked, flabby females, whose care-worn faces, and well-starved aspect, tell a sorrowful tale of the misery.

An abundant supply of profane works, in yellow and red covers, "piled up like a box of matches," and a small, side room, through the building, there breathes a warm, sickly atmosphere; the effect has left its marks upon the sad waiving countenances of its unfortunate inmates.

The visitors ascend to the second story. A shuffling of feet in a room at the top of the stairs excites their curiosity. Mr. Glentworth's voice grates harshly on the ear, in language we cannot insert in this history. "Our high families never look into low places—chances if the commission has looked in here for years," says Tom, observing Madam Montford protect her inhaling organs with her perfumed cambric. "There is a principle of economy carried out—and a very nice principle, too, in getting these poor out of the world as quick as possible." Tom pushes open a door, and looks into the doorway—Madam, on tip-toe, peers anxiously over his shoulders. Mr. Glentworth and two negroes—the former slightly inebriated, the latter trembling of fright—are preparing to knock down some shuffling citizens—that come here, then, what a sight is here. He stands agape in the doorway—Madam, on tip-toe, peers anxiously over his shoulders. Mr. Glentworth and two negroes—the former slightly inebriated, the latter trembling of fright—are preparing to knock down some shuffling citizens—that come here, then, what a sight is here.

"Who is it?" ejaculates Mr. Glentworth, in response to an inquiry from Tom. Mr. Glentworth shrugs his shoulders, and commences whistling a tune. "That cove!" he resumes, having stopped short in his tune—"men that don't know that cove, never had much to do with politics. Stuffed more ballot boxes, cribbed more votes, and knocked down more shuffling citizens—that cove has, than put 'em all together, would make a South Carolina regiment. A mighty man among politicians, he was! Now the devil has cribbed him—he'll know how good it is!" Mr. Glentworth said this with an air of superlative wisdom, resuming his tune. The dead man is Milton Mingle, the vote-cribbler, who died of the wounds he received at the hands of an antagonist, whom he was endeavoring to "black out" while going to the polls to cast his vote. "Big politician, but had no home!" says Madam, with a sigh.

Mr. Glentworth soon had what remained of the vote-cribbler—the man who so many were indebted for their high offices—into a deal box, and the deal box into the old hearse, and the old hearse driven by a mischievous negro, hastening to that crib by which we must all go. "Visitors," Mr. Glentworth says, "must not question the way we do business here; I get no pay, and there's only old Saddleback and me to do all the work." Old Saddleback, you see, is a bit of a miser, and having a large family of small Saddlebacks to provide for, scrapes what he can into his own pocket. No one is the wiser. They can't see him, never come in." Mr. Glentworth, in reply to a question from Madam Montford, says Mr. Munday (he has some faint recollection of her) was twice in the house, which he dignifies with the title of "institution." She never was in the "mad cells" to his recollection. "Off down the stairs, mostly dead there." A gift of two dollars secures Mr. Glentworth's services, and restores him to perfect good-nature. "You will remember," says Tom, "that this woman ran neglected about the streets, was much abused, and ended in becoming a maniac." Mr. Glentworth remembers very well, but adds: "We have many maniacs on our hands, that we can't distinctly remember them all. The clergymen take good care never to look in here. They couldn't do so any good, if they did, for nobody cares for the rubbish sent here, and if you tried to Christianise them, you would only get laughed at. I don't like to be laughed at—Munday's not here now, that's settled—but I'll for curiosity's sake—show you into the 'mad cells'."

Mr. Glentworth leads the way, down the rickety stairs, through the lumbering passage, into a small out-building, at the extreme end of which some dozen wet, slippery steps led into a dark subterranean passage, on each side of which are small dungeon-like cells. "Heavens!" exclaimed Madam Montford, picking her way down the steep, slippery steps. "How chilling! how tomb-like!"

Can it be that mortals are confined here, and live? she muttered, incoherently. The stifling atmosphere is intolerable of disease. "It straightens 'em down sublimely—to put 'em in here," says Mr. Glentworth, laughing, lighting his lamp. "I hope to get old Saddleback in here. Give him such a mellowing!" He turns his light, and the shadows play, specter-like, along a low, wet aisle, along each side of which are cells and locks, revealing the doors of cells. An ominous stillness is broken by the dull clank of chains; then a low wail breaks upon the ear, and rises higher and higher, shriller and shriller, until, in piercing shrieks, it chills the very heart. Now it ceases, and the echoes, like the murmuring winds, die faintly away. "Look in here now," says Mr. Glentworth—"a likely wench—once she was!"

He swings open a door, and there issues from a cell about four feet six inches wide, and nine long, the hideous countenance of a poor mulatto girl, whose shrunken body, skeleton-like arms, distended, and glassy eyes, tell too forcibly her tale of sorrow. How vivid the picture of wild idiosyncrasy in her sad, sorrowful face. No painter's touch could have added a line more perfect. Now she rushes forward with a suddenness that makes Madam Montford shrink back, appalled—she fixes her eyes, hangs down her head, and gives vent to her feelings in a low, wailing cry, yes, yes, yes! I know it is white—God tell me it is white; God tell me it is white—she knows—she never tortures. He doesn't keep me here to die—no, I can't die here in the dark. I won't go to heaven if I do. Oh! yes, yes, I have a white soul, but my skin is not, she rather murmurs and speaks, continuing to stare at her. "He is white; God tell me it is white—she knows—she never tortures. 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